

DELL

FEB.-MAR. 10¢

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SPIRIT RIVER, ALTA.

GUNSMOKE

This
was
the
"Showdown"!



"I can spot a
troublemaker
a mile away..."



but we always
end up a few
feet apart!"



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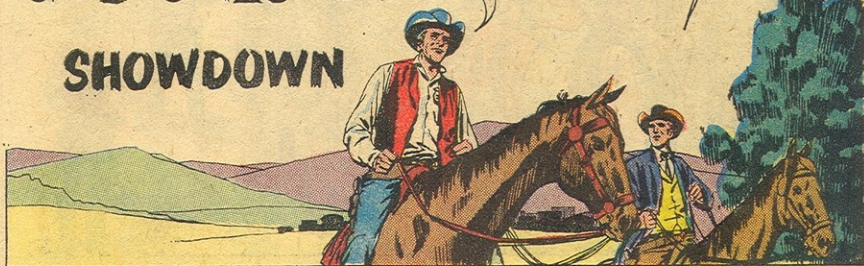
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GUNSMOKE

SHOWDOWN

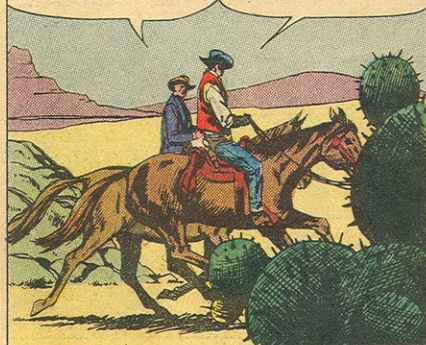
YOU MAY BE THE BIGGEST CATTLE TRADER IN DODGE, DUGGAN, BUT IT'S PLUMB FOOLISH TO RIDE AROUND WITH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN YOUR SADDLEBAGS!

I KNOW, DILLON! THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU TO ESCORT ME TO THAT CATTLE CAMP AT SALT FORK.



THAT MONEY IS PAYMENT FOR THREE SHIPMENTS OF CIRCLE S CATTLE!

CIRCLE S? THAT'S A BIG BRAND IN THE PANHANDLE COUNTRY!



THE BIGGEST, MATT. EVERYTHING KINGPIN DUNN OWNS HAS TO BE THE BIGGEST. THE BIGGEST RANCH, THE BIGGEST HERDS, AND THE BIGGEST SIZE HAT IN THE PANHANDLE!

A MAN LIKE HIM SHOULD DO HIS BUSINESS BY BANK CHECK!



YOU'RE WRONG, MARSHAL! KINGPIN LIKES THE SIGHT OF GREENBACKS, AND DOES ALL HIS BUSINESS FOR CASH!

HE SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A CHARACTER! I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET HIM!

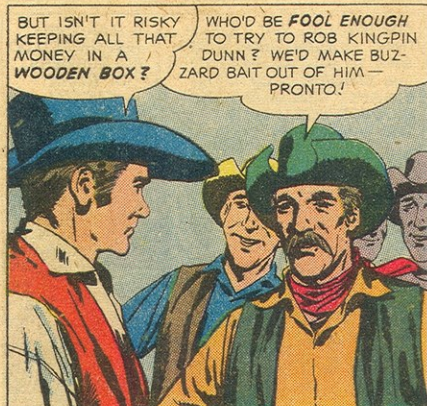
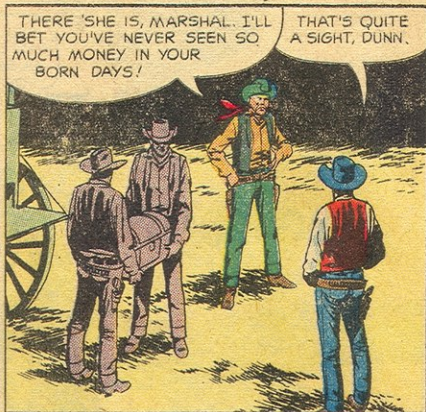


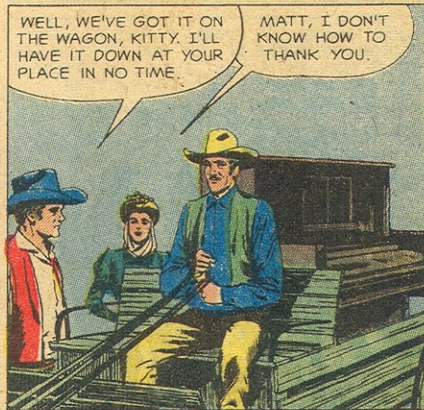
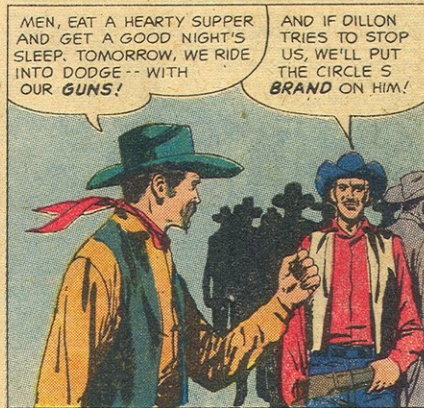
MOMENTS LATER...

RAFE DUGGAN! ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE. GOT THE MONEY WITH YOU?

THE WHOLE FIFTY THOUSAND, KINGPIN. MARSHAL DILLON, HERE, RODE OUT WITH ME TO GUARD IT.







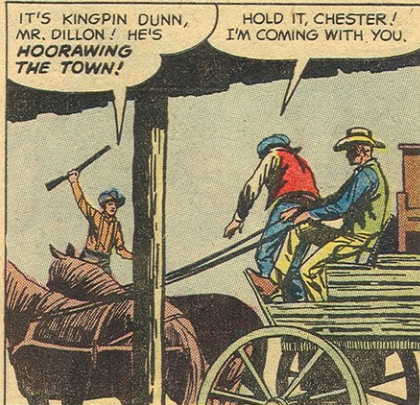
JUST THEN AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN...



IT'S KINGPIN DUNN
AND HIS OUTFIT--
THEY'RE ON THE
RAMPAGE!

IT'S KINGPIN DUNN,
MR. DILLON! HE'S
HOORAWING
THE TOWN!

HOLD IT, CHESTER!
I'M COMING WITH YOU.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

YAHOO! HEAD FOR COVER!
I'M A CURLY WOLF AND I
CRAVE RAW MEAT!

YOW! THAT ONE WAS
TOO CLOSE
FOR ME!



MATT, GET DOWN!
YOU'RE IN THE LINE
OF FIRE!

I'VE GOT TO STOP THE
HORSES BEFORE THEY
STAMPEDE!

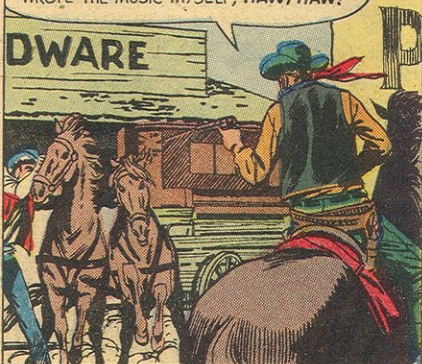


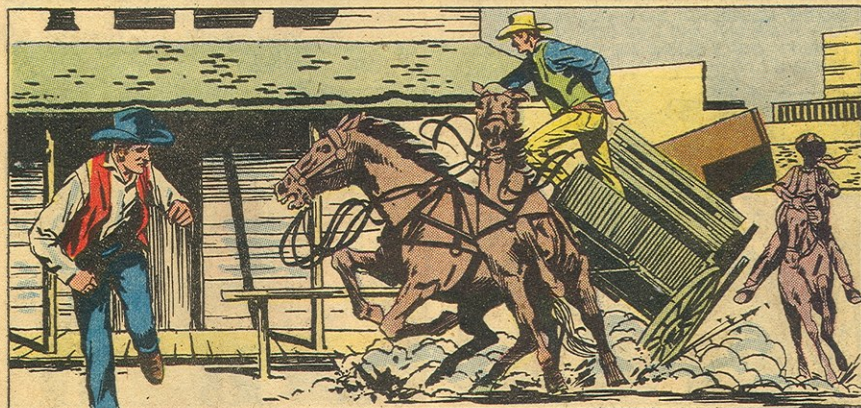
LOOK, KINGPIN! A PIANO!
RECKON THE FOLKS IN
DODGE PREPARED A
MUSICAL WELCOME
FOR US! **HAW, HAW!**

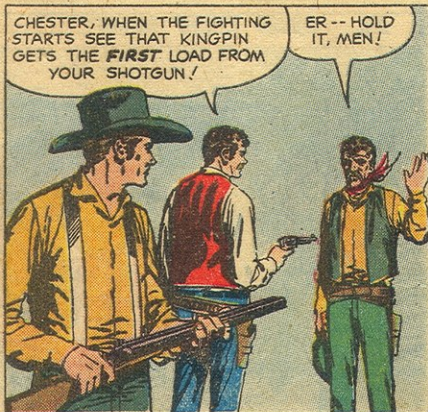
JUST TO SHOW
OUR APPRECIATION,
I'M GOING TO PLAY
THEM A TUNE!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE TUNE, MARSHAL?
WROTE THE MUSIC MYSELF, **HAW, HAW!**



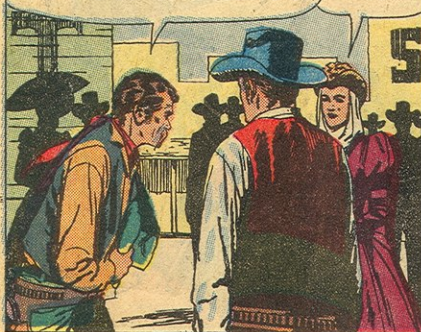






A PLEASURE KNOWING YOU, MA'AM!
AND JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO
HARD FEELINGS, ME AND MY BOYS
WILL HAVE COFFEE AT YOUR PLACE.

I'LL BE
GLAD TO
HAVE YOU,
MR. DUNN.



DILLON, I THINK YOU'VE MISJUDGED
'KINGPIN. A WEALTHY MAN LIKE HIM
COULD BRING A LOT OF BUSINESS
TO THIS TOWN!

AND A LOT
OF TROUBLE,
TOO, BOYS.



AND HE'LL BRING A LOT MORE TROUBLE
THAN MONEY INTO DODGE.



KINGPIN, I DON'T GET ALL
THIS SWEETNESS AND LIGHT
YOU'RE SPREADING AROUND
DODGE!

JUST SPREADING
A LITTLE **SOFT**
SOAP, BOYS!



I WANT TO MAKE
DILLON AND THESE
TIN-HORNS IN DODGE
THINK THEY'VE GOT
ME TAMED. THEN
WHEN WE HIT
THEM NEXT TIME--

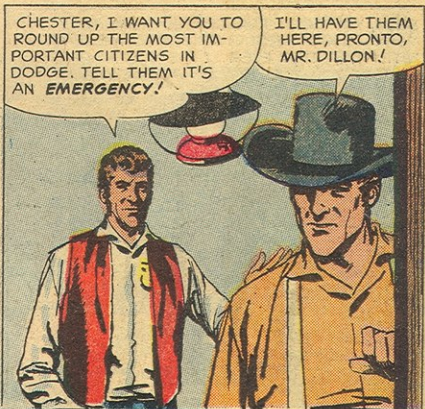
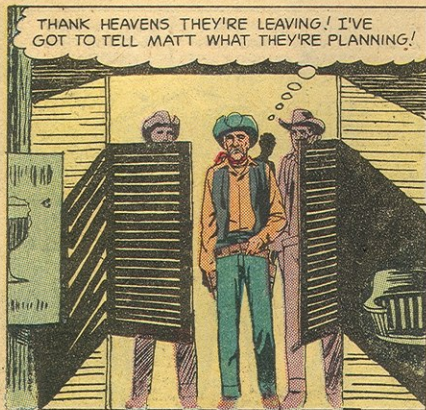
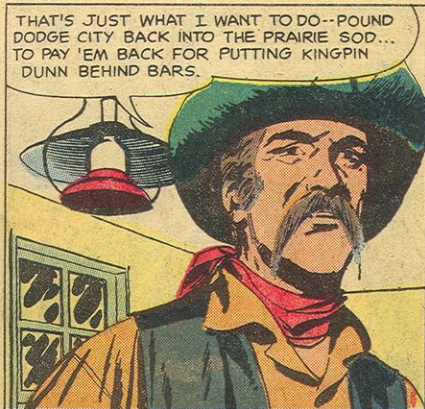
BOSS, YOU MEAN WE'RE
GOING TO TRY TO TREE
THIS TOWN **AGAIN**?
I'D AS SOON TANGLE
WITH A **BUZZSAW** THAN
TANGLE WITH **MATT**
DILLON AGAIN!



WE WON'T USE MEN OR
GUNS NEXT TIME. HERE'S
MY PLAN--TOMORROW
NIGHT--

HOLD IT, KINGPIN.
WE'VE GOT ANOTHER
BIG HERD COMING UP
THE TRAIL FROM THE
PANHANDLE. IT'S DUE
HERE TOMORROW.





SOON AFTERWARD...

THERE YOU HAVE IT, MEN. WE'LL HAVE TO WORK **FAST**. BY TOMORROW NIGHT I WANT YOU TO COLLECT EVERY PIECE OF **SCRAP LUMBER** AND EVERY SPARE GALLON OF **LAMP OIL** IN TOWN!

MATT, WE'RE WITH' YOU ALL THE WAY!

MATT, DO YOU THINK YOUR PLAN WILL WORK?

IT'D BETTER WORK, KITTY. A STAMPEDING HERD WOULD SMASH DODGE INTO **KINDLING**!

THE NEXT NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE OUTSIDE OF DODGE...

THERE THEY ARE, KINGPIN — FIVE THOUSAND OF THE **ORNERIEST** MAVERICKS THAT EVER CAME OUT OF THE PANHANDLE!

THAT'S THE WAY I WANT THEM-- POISON MEAN, AND ITCHING FOR TROUBLE!

MEN, THIS MAY BE A **WILD NIGHT**! I WANT TWO OF YOU TO STAND GUARD OVER MY MONEY-CHEST, SAVVY?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, KINGPIN.

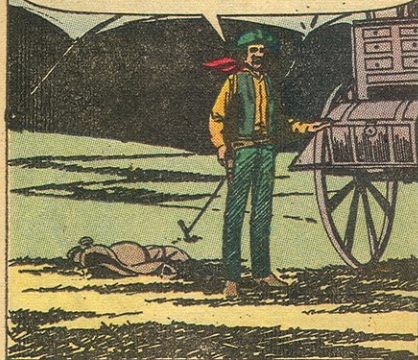
BOSS, YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN TO GO THROUGH WITH IT. IF THEY EVER CAUGHT YOU THEY'D CLAP YOU IN THE CALABOOSE AND THROW AWAY THE KEY.

HOW CAN THEY BLAME ME IF MY HERD STAMPEDES **ACCIDENTALLY**?

BUT THINK OF THE LOSS. HALF YOUR CATTLE WILL BE CRIPPLED, MAIMED, KILLED.

IT'LL BE WORTH IT TO WIPE DODGE CITY **OFF THE MAP**!

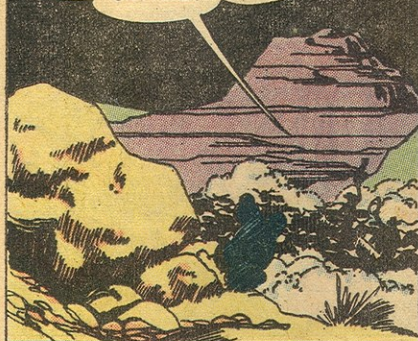
YES SIR. NOBODY CAN SAY KINGPIN DUNN CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY FOR HIS PLEASURE.



ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S RIDE!



WHOOPEE! KI-YI-YI-YI!
GET GOING YOU WALL-EYED
CRITTERS!



THERE THEY GO,
KINGPIN! THEY'RE
HEADED STRAIGHT
FOR TOWN.

GO TO IT, YOU CRAZY
MAVERICKS! GIVE MY
REGARDS TO MARSHAL
DILLON!



MEANWHILE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DODGE...

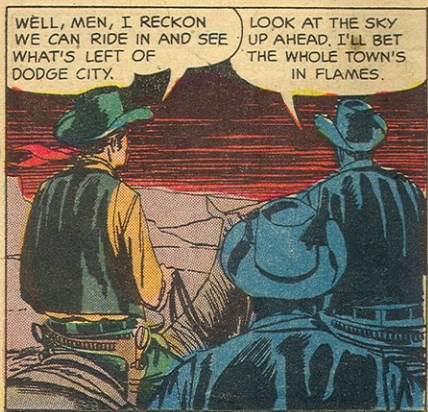
ALL RIGHT, MATT. WE'VE
GOT THE SCRAP LUMBER
AND THE UNDERBRUSH
PILED UP INTO A BARRIER!

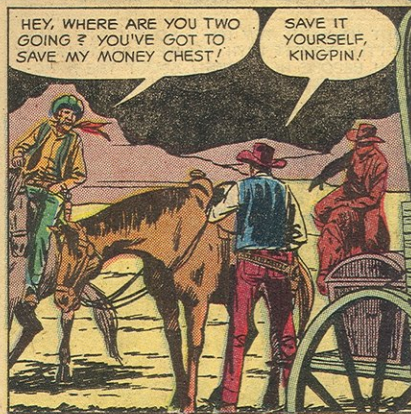
GOOD! NOW, POUR
ON THE LAMP OIL!
WORK FAST!
THERE ISN'T MUCH
TIME!



THAT SOUND--LIKE THUNDER! IT'S THE
STAMPEDE! **LIGHT YOUR TORCHES!**





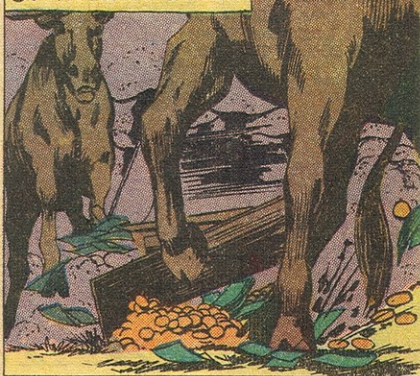


WE'VE GOT TO SAVE **OURSELVES!** THAT CHEST WOULD ONLY SLOW US DOWN!

NO! YOU CAN'T LEAVE THAT MONEY HERE. IT'S ALL I'VE GOT! IT MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME!



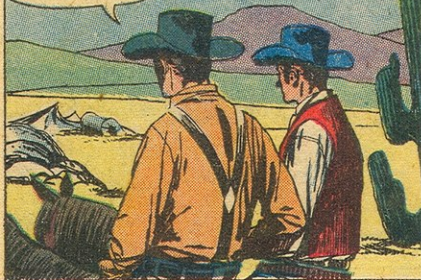
BUT AN INSTANT LATER...



THE NEXT MORNING...

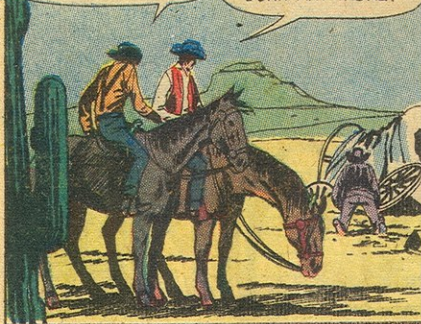
DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO RIDE OUT TO KINGPIN'S CAMP, MR. DILLON?

I FIGURE KINGPIN WILL BE **TOO BUSY** TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME.

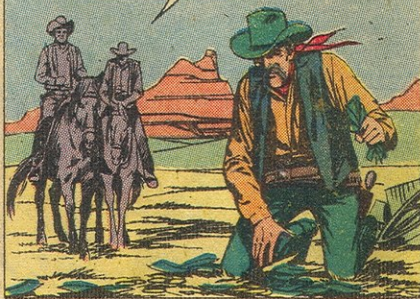


BUT HE MIGHT TRY TO SETTLE SCORES WITH YOU BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR THE PANHANDLE!

NO, I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE HARD-BOILED KINGPIN DUNN ANY MORE.



YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. DILLON. HIS GOLD AND GREENBACKS ARE SCATTERED FOR MILES OVER THE PRAIRIE! IT'LL TAKE DAYS TO COLLECT WHAT'S LEFT!



WHEN THAT MONEY CHEST WAS DESTROYED, KINGPIN'S SELF-CONFIDENCE WAS DESTROYED WITH IT. HE'S WHITTLED DOWN TO SIZE NOW-- A PITIFUL LITTLE **MISER!**



THE END

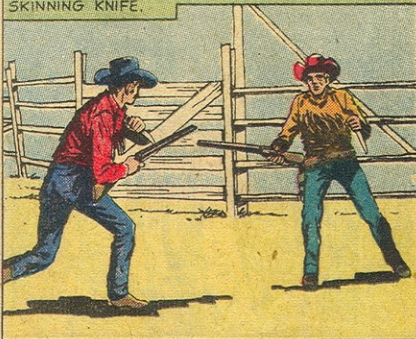
True Tales of Dodge City



ED DENTON'S THE NAME, FOLKS. AS EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL, I'VE WRITTEN SOME RIP ROARING STORIES. FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S THE STORY OF HOW THE LAW CAME TO DODGE CITY--

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"OUR TOWN WAS BORN AS BUFFALO CITY--A HIDE HUNTER'S HANGOUT ON THE KANSAS PRAIRIE. WITH NO LAW BUT THE BUFFALO GUN AND THE SKINNING KNIFE.



"THEY CHANGED THE TOWN'S NAME TO DODGE CITY. THE RAILROAD CAME, BRINGING IN MORE ADVENTURERS, GAMBLERS AND HARCASSES--MEN WHO SHOT FIRST AND ASKED QUESTIONS AFTERWARD...



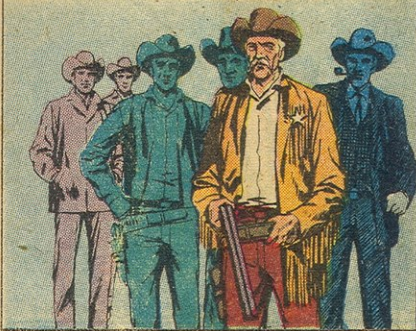
"WITH THE FIRST CATTLE HERDS THAT THUNDERED INTO DODGE CAME THE TEXAS COWBOYS. THEY HIT DODGE CITY LIKE A CYCLONE...



"BEFORE LONG, DODGE CITY WAS KNOWN AS THE WILDEST AND WOOLLIEST TOWN IN THE WEST. IT WAS THEN THAT THE LOCAL BUSINESSMEN DECIDED TO BRING IN THE LAW...



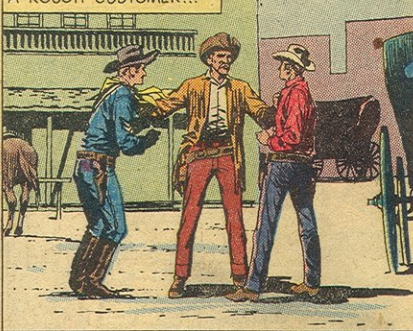
"THE MAN THEY HIRED AS MARSHAL WAS BUFFALO BILL BROOKS, A HIDE HUNTER, INDIAN SCOUT AND ALL-ROUND GUNFIGHTER...



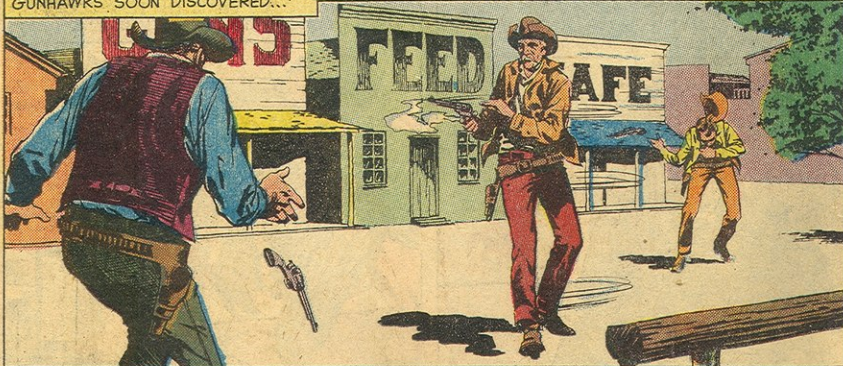
"BULL-WHACKERS, MULE-SKINNERS, COWBOYS AND BADMEN GRINNED WHEN THEY HEARD THAT BILLY BROOKS PLANNED TO TAME AND CURRY DODGE CITY..



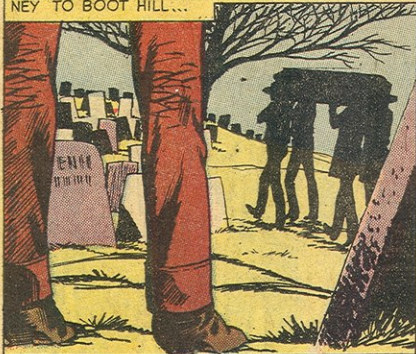
"BUT BROOKS HAD BEEN MARSHAL IN THE ROUGH BRAWLING TOWN OF NEWTON AND TOOK HIS JOB SERIOUSLY. TROUBLEMAKERS FOUND HIM A ROUGH CUSTOMER...



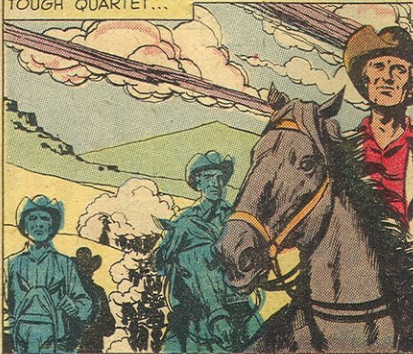
"THE NEW MARSHAL WAS NO SLOUCH WITH THE SIX-SHOOTER EITHER, AS THE HARDCASES AND GUNHAWKS SOON DISCOVERED..."



"IT WAS GRIM WORK FOR BILL. THAT WINTER HE SENT SEVERAL MEN ON THEIR LAST JOURNEY TO BOOT HILL..."



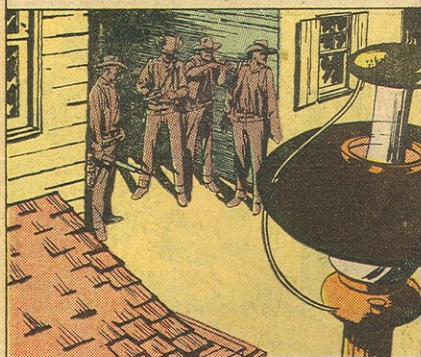
"BUT WITH THE NEXT SPRING, THE FIRST CATTLE HERD RUMBLED INTO DODGE ESCORTED BY A TOUGH QUARTET..."



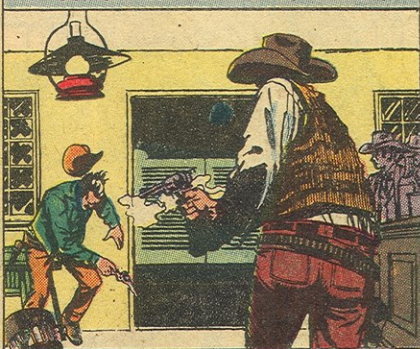
"THE FOUR HARD-BITTEN COWHANDS WERE BROTHERS. THEY WERE NEW TO DODGE BUT THE SIGHT OF THE NEW MARSHAL SENT THEM REACHING FOR THEIR GUNS.



"NOW, THE FOUR PLOTTED AN AMBUSH TO REVENGE THEIR DEAD KINSMAN...



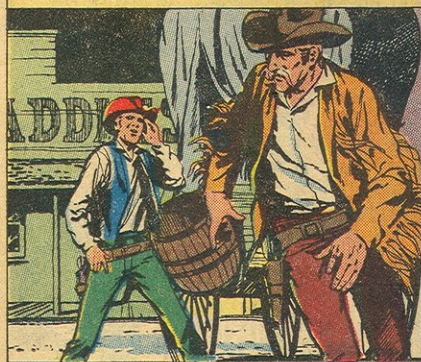
"THEY HAD A LONG SCORE TO SETTLE WITH BROOKS. BILLY HAD KILLED A FIFTH BROTHER IN A GUN BATTLE BACK IN HAYS, KANSAS...



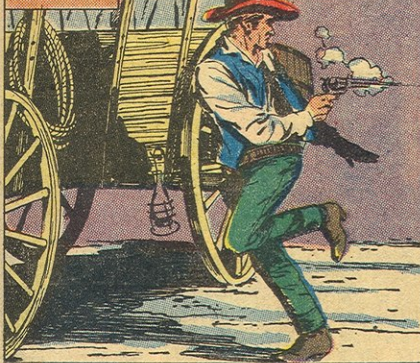
"BUT THE BROTHERS HAD BEEN SPOTTED BY EMANUEL DUBBS, A MEAT HUNTER, WHO KNEW THEM FROM NEWTON...



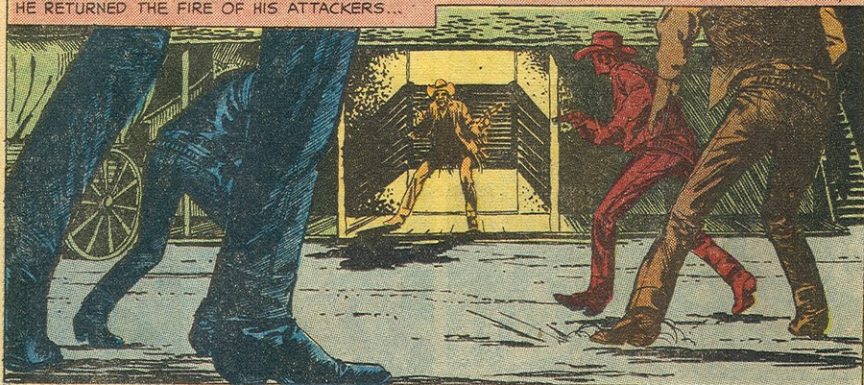
"GUESSING THEIR PLAN, DUBBS SHOUTED A WARNING TO THE MARSHAL...



"FLYING LEAD SENT DUBBS SCURRYING FOR COVER...



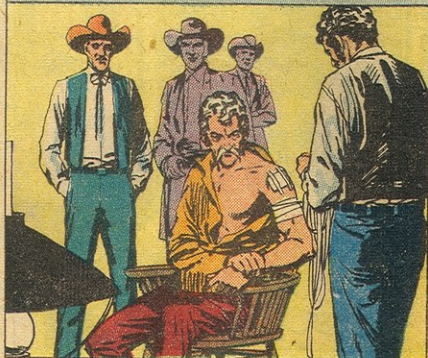
"BUT BILL BROOKS HAD BEEN WARNED. THOUGH TRAPPED IN THE LIGHT OF AN OPEN DOORWAY, HE RETURNED THE FIRE OF HIS ATTACKERS..."



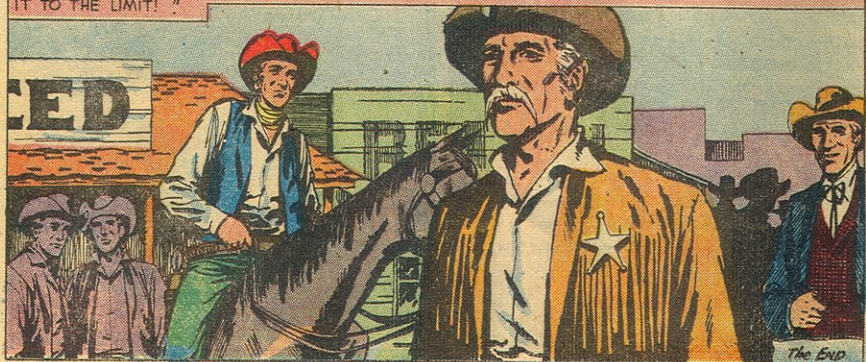
"BY THE TIME THE HOT LEAD HAD STOPPED FLYING, TWO OF THE BROTHERS WERE DEAD AND TWO MORE FATALLY WOUNDED..."



"BUT BILLY HAD BEEN HURT, TOO. A BULLET HAD SMASHED INTO HIS SHOULDER. IT LOOKED BAD..."



"BUT THE MARSHAL RECOVERED... AND FROM THEN ON BRAWLERS, BADMEN AND GUNHAWKS KNEW THAT THE LAW HAD COME TO DODGE CITY--AND THAT BUFFALO BILL BROOKS WOULD ENFORCE IT TO THE LIMIT! "



The End

STRIKE



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"Yes sir," said Gus Chivvy to the young Easterner riding beside him, "I made a strike and I'm willing to sell a partnership."

Tom Peabody leaped off his horse suddenly when he saw the dry creek bed where rough stones glinted yellow. "Nuggets of gold?"

"Get back on your horse, son," sighed Gus, shaking his head. "You sure are a tenderfoot. Don't you know fool's gold when you see it?"

Tom dropped the golden stones sheepishly. "Gosh, a crook might have tried to swindle me. Lucky for me you're an honest man, Mr. Chivvy."

Gus grinned to himself—that was just what he wanted the young fool to think. His plan was working. Trying to pass off fool's gold on tenderfeet was the oldest trick in the West. It had been pulled too many times to work. They almost always caught on and before the payoff.

Gus was playing a smarter game. He had purposely led the Easterner past this bed of fool's gold. By "warning" him of it, Gus was now an "honest man" in the dumb kid's eyes. Now for the real swindle!

A mile beyond, Gus dismounted near a cliff where he had previously hacked out a pile of loose rock. "Here's my real strike, son," he said, handing a rock to Tom. "See those shiny specks?"

"Silver?" gasped Tom, squinting closely.

Gus nodded, hardly able to keep from laughing in his face. Actually the shiny specks were common mica.

Gus reeled in the line. "I already filed claim. But I need a grubstake and mining equipment. Say \$2000 . . . and we're partners."

Gus knew Tom carried the cash in a money-belt. But Tom hesitated. Gus turned his back, squinting at the cliff. "Hmm . . . reckon maybe that lode runs through the whole cliff. My price may be too low. . . ."

"Two thousand it is," said Tom hurriedly, reaching for his money-belt. Once the money passed into his hands, Gus knew he was safe. There were no witnesses to the silver-mine humbug. Gus could claim Tom owed him the money!

Gus chuckled as Tom eagerly filled his saddlebags with ore, to be assayed in town. At the assayer's office, Gus said, "You get it assayed, son, while I go buy mining equipment."

An hour later, Gus saw Tom coming out of the assayer's office, looking like a pole-axed steer. "Gus," whispered Tom, holding up an ore sample. "There's not a speck of silver in it. And you didn't even file claim at all to your so-called 'strike.' You tried to gyp me!"

"Don't whine, son," chortled Gus harshly. "And don't try to get your money back. Can you prove to the sheriff that I promised you a silver-mine partnership?"

"Let me finish," returned Tom. "You tried to gyp me, so I saw no reason why I shouldn't file claim in my own name." He stuck the ore sample under Gus' nose. "See those gray streaks? It's something worth more than gold or silver—it's high-grade platinum."

Gus choked. "Platinum? Old Pete got filthy rich when he hit that stuff. Now wait, son . . . I found it . . . half is mine . . . we're partners, you know . . ."

Tom eyed him coldly. "Can you prove that to the sheriff? Incidentally, I took geology back East in college. I recognized that gray streak myself. A word of advice, Gus. Next time you work on a tenderfoot, make sure first just who is getting fleeced!"

Tom walked away. Gus just stood there looking like a pole-axed steer.

GUNSMOKE

THE MAVERICK

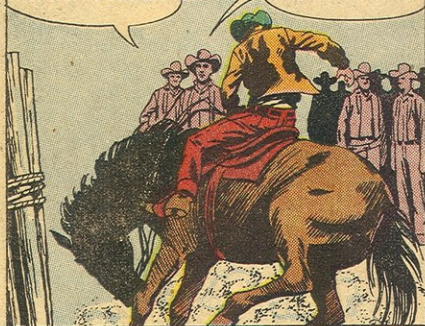
WHAT'S THE
RUCKUS ABOUT?

THAT WILD YOUNG MAVERICK
GENE SALTER IS RAISING
CAIN AGAIN!



GENE SNEAKED AN UNTAMED
BRONC OUT OF MY LIVERY
STABLE CORRAL! HE'S
TRYING TO *RIDE*

BREAKING A
BRONC ON *MAIN*
STREET! HE
MUST BE *LOCO*!



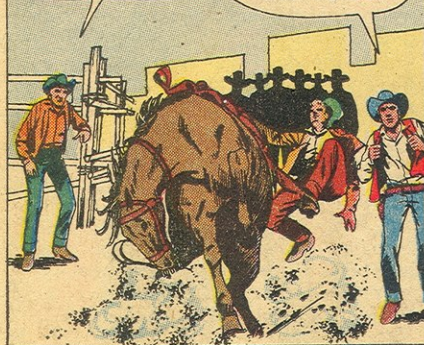
BETTER STOP THAT
BRONC OR SOMEBODY'LL
GET *HURT*!

LOOKS LIKE THAT
SOMEBODY IS
GOING TO BE
GENE SALTER!



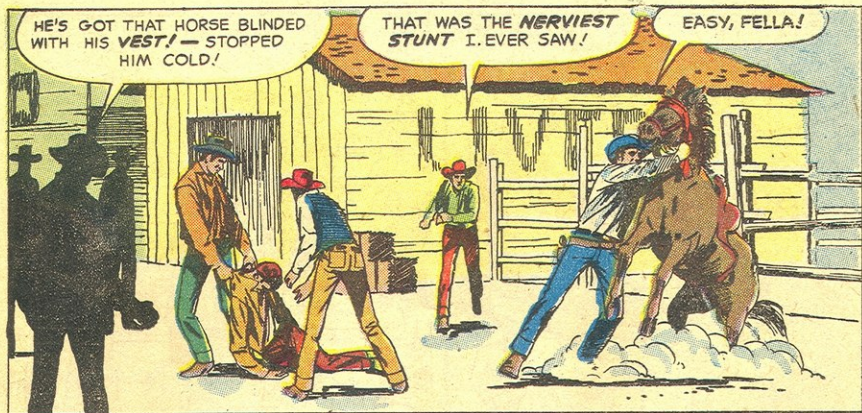
HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT
IN THE STIRRUP!

HE'LL BE KILLED
UNLESS I STOP
THAT HORSE!



IT'S MATT DILLON! WHAT'S HE
TRYING TO DO WITH THAT VEST?

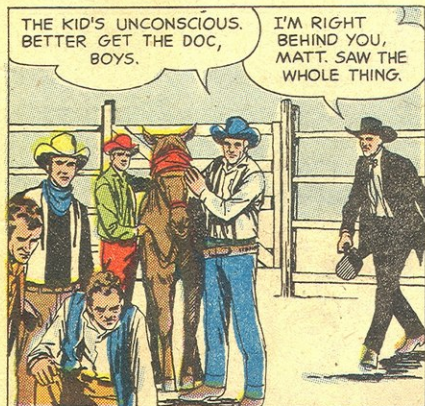




HE'S GOT THAT HORSE BLINDED WITH HIS **VEST!** — STOPPED HIM COLD!

THAT WAS THE **NERVIEST STUNT** I EVER SAW!

EASY, FELLA!



THE KID'S UNCONSCIOUS. BETTER GET THE DOC, BOYS.

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MATT. SAW THE WHOLE THING.



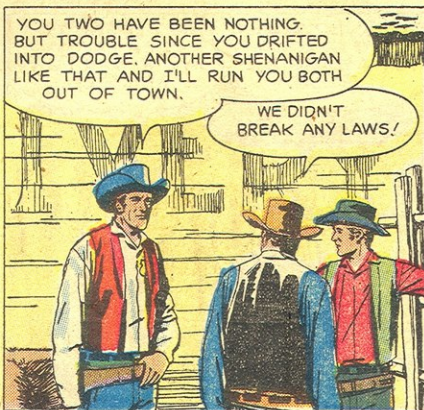
HE'S COMING AROUND! THE BOY'S AS TOUGH AS A MAVERICK, AND JUST AS WILD.

IT'S NOT SURPRISING. HIS FOLKS DIED WHEN HE WAS FOURTEEN. HE'S BEEN A **HOMELESS STRAY** EVER SINCE!



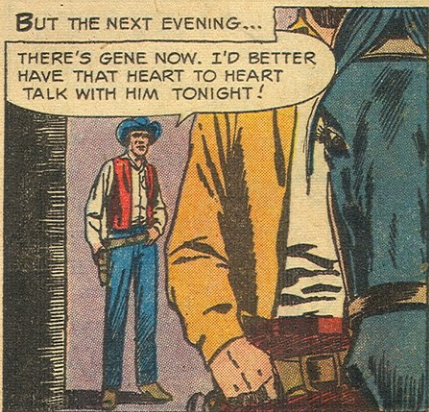
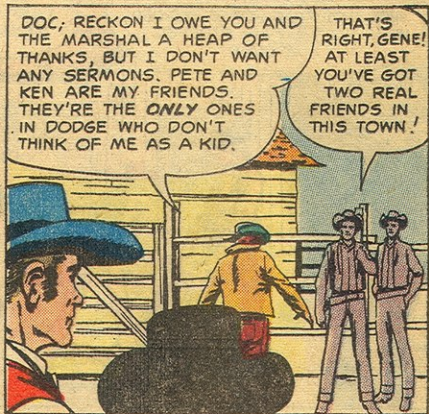
HE'S MIGHTY LUCKY! SOMEBODY COULD HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY HURT BY THAT CRAZY STUNT!

DON'T BLAME THE KID, MARSHAL. IT WAS KEN ROARK AND PETE DAWSON WHO EGGED HIM ON!



YOU TWO HAVE BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE SINCE YOU DRIFTED INTO DODGE. ANOTHER SHENANIGAN LIKE THAT AND I'LL RUN YOU BOTH OUT OF TOWN.

WE DIDN'T BREAK ANY LAWS!





HM. WHY SHOULD HE BE SLIPPING INTO THE ALLEY THAT WAY?



THAT'S THE BACK WINDOW OF THE GENERAL STORE. WHAT'S THAT YOUNG CUB GETTING INTO NOW?

SHORT MOMENTS LATER...



THAT BAG'S LOADED WITH STOLEN SUPPLIES, OR I MISS MY GUESS!



I COULD ARREST HIM NOW, BUT I'M GOING TO TRAIL HIM. I'VE GOT A HUNCH SOMEONE ELSE IS MIXED UP IN THIS, TOO!



HE'S HEADED WESTWARD--AND I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND HIM!



THREE MILES WEST OF DODGE...

HERE ARE THOSE VITTLES AND SUPPLIES FROM THE GENERAL STORE. RECKON THAT PROVES I WASN'T AFRAID TO DO WHAT YOU SAID, DOESN'T IT?

YOU'VE SURE GOT **PLENTEY** OF SAND, KID!

DON'T CALL ME *KID!* HAVEN'T I PROVED I'M A FULL-SIZED MAN, NOW?

YOU SURE HAVE, GENE. THOSE SUPPLIES WILL GET US AT LEAST FIFTY DOLLARS IN ANY TRAIL CAMP ON THE PRAIRIE!



SOMEONE'S OUT IN THE BRUSH! COME ON!

CRACK!

IT'S *DILLON!* HE'S BEEN SPYING ON US! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

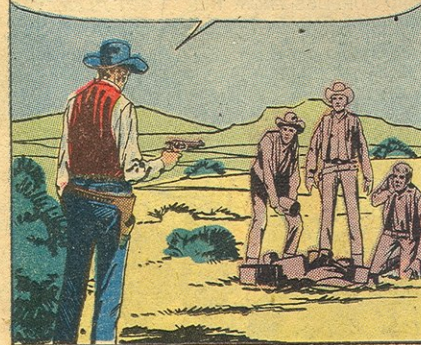
I WON'T EVEN TRY, *DAWSON!*



IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO ACCOMMODATE YOU BOYS!



ALL RIGHT, YOU THREE! LOAD THOSE SUPPLIES BACK ONTO THAT HORSE AND MOUNT UP! WE'RE RIDING BACK TO *DODGE!*

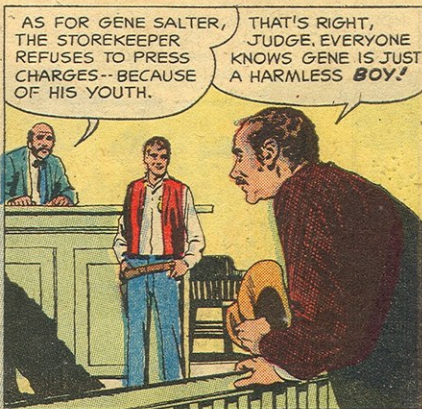
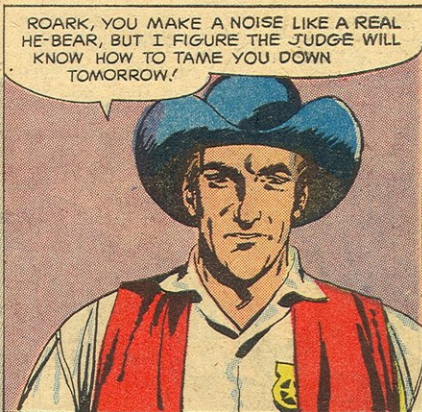


ON THE RETURN TRAIL...

GENE, THESE TWO BUZZARDS HAVE LANDED YOU INTO A *PECK OF TROUBLE--* YOU'RE HEADING UP A BLIND TRAIL!

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TURN ME AGAINST PETE AND KEN, DON'T BOTHER, MR. *DILLON!*





MEANWHILE...

IT'S **NO USE**! IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL **ALWAYS** BE JUST A KID TO THE FOLKS IN DODGE CITY!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, GENE! I KNOW HOW YOU CAN PROVE TO EVERYONE THAT YOU'RE A FULL SIZE MAN!



WE'RE RIDING OUT TONIGHT-- ON A BIG GAME HUNT. WANT TO COME ALONG? OF COURSE, IT COULD BE DANGEROUS--

DANGER DOESN'T SCARE ME!



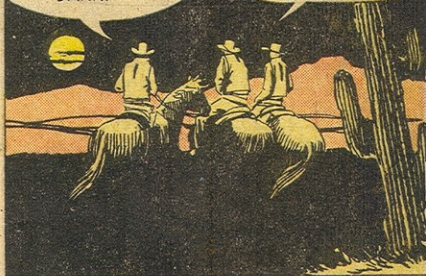
NOW, YOU'RE **TALKING**, GENE! BEFORE YOU'RE DONE, YOU'LL SHOW DODGE YOU'VE GOT MORE SPUNK THAN A DOZEN **MATT DILLONS**!



LATE THAT NIGHT, MILES FROM DODGE...

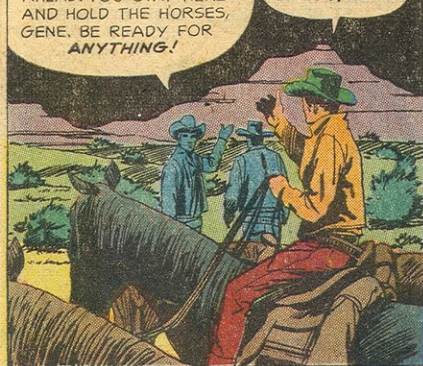
GOSH, BOYS, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I NEVER HEARD OF HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE DARK.

WE **NEED** THE DARK FOR THE KIND OF GAME **WE'RE** HUNTING. **HAW!**



WE'RE GOING TO SCOUT AHEAD. YOU STAY HERE AND HOLD THE HORSES, GENE. BE READY FOR **ANYTHING**!

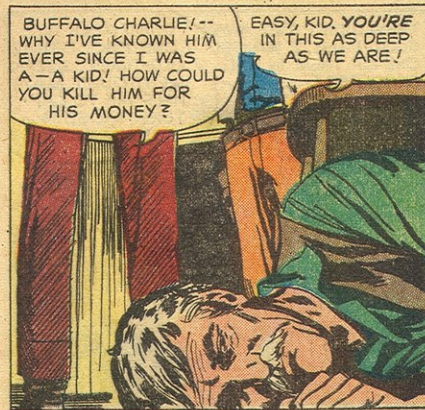
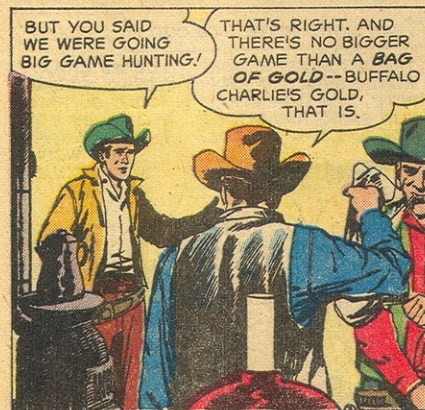
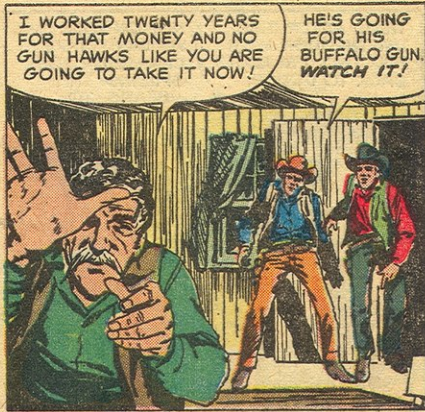
I'LL BE READY, KEN!



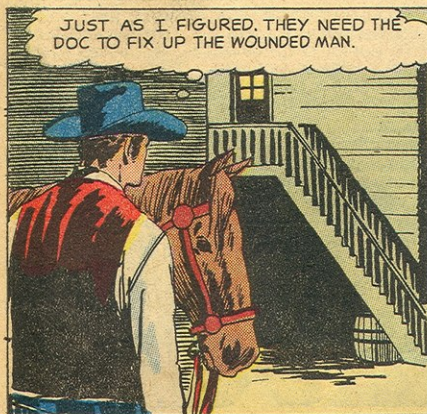
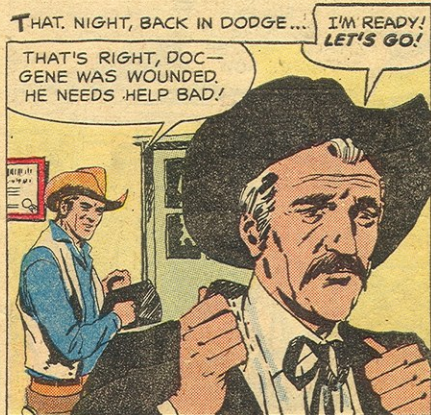
THERE IT IS, PETE -- BUFFALO CHARLIE'S CABIN. THAT OLD HIDE HUNTER HAS A **FORTUNE** IN GOLD STACKED BEHIND HIS CHIMNEY STONES!

MIGHTY GREEDY OF CHARLIE TO KEEP ALL THAT GOLD FOR HIMSELF, EH?

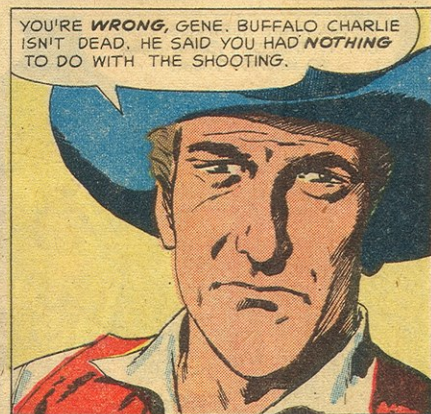
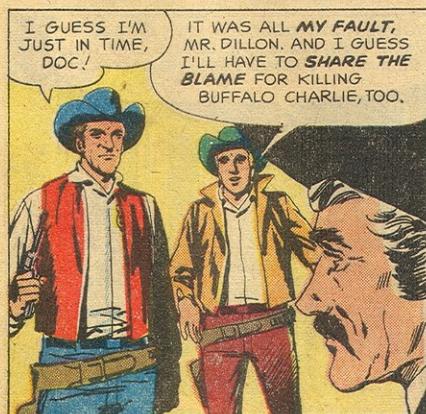


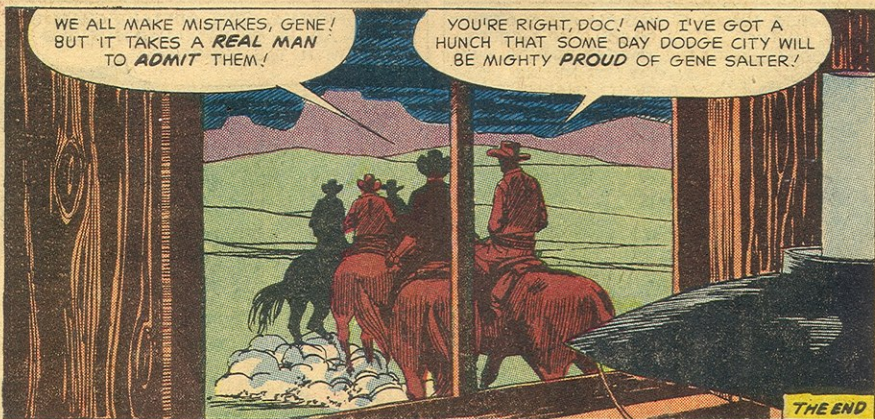




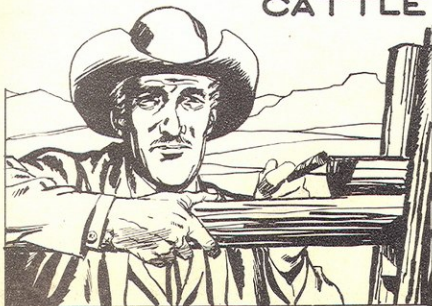




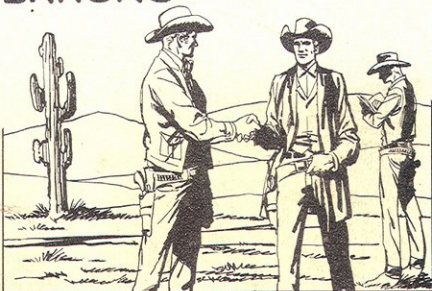




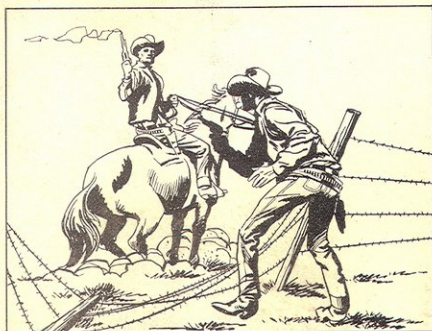
CATTLE BARONS



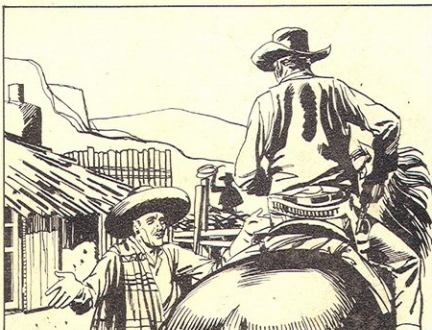
THE COMING OF THE LONGHORN SAW THE BIRTH OF THE CATTLE BARON --- A NEW BREED OF HARD, COLD-EYED MAN WHO CONTROLLED VAST HERDS.



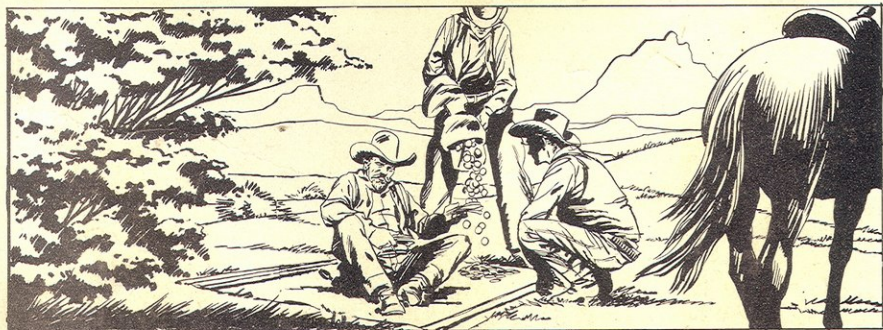
CATTLE BARONS GLORIED IN THE NUMBER OF CATTLE THEY OWNED. THEY BOUGHT AND SOLD WHOLE HERDS, SIGHT UNSEEN, ON THE BASIS OF A BOOK COUNT AND A HANDSHAKE.



TO PROTECT THEIR CATTLE ON THE LAWLESS RANGE, CATTLE BARONS HIRED GUNMEN. THESE "HARDCASES" OFTEN STARTED FIERCE RANGE WARS.



CATTLE BARONS OFTEN CONSIDERED THEMSELVES ABOVE THE LAW. JOHN CHISUM AND HIS HIRED GUNMEN ONCE INVADDED MEXICO AND BROUGHT BACK EVERY STEER THEY COULD FIND WITH A TEXAS BRAND.

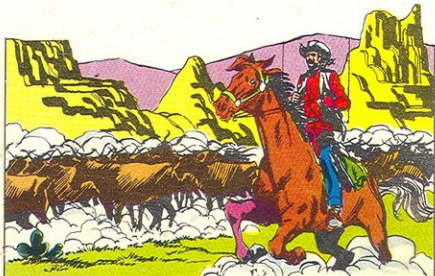


THE MOST COLORFUL OF THE CATTLE KINGS WAS "SHANGHAI" PIERCE, WHOSE VAST HERDS CLOGGED THE CHISHOLM TRAIL. HE CARRIED HIS GOLD ON A PACK-HORSE AND PAID FOR HERDS IN SPOT CASH --- COUNTED OUT ON A BLANKET.

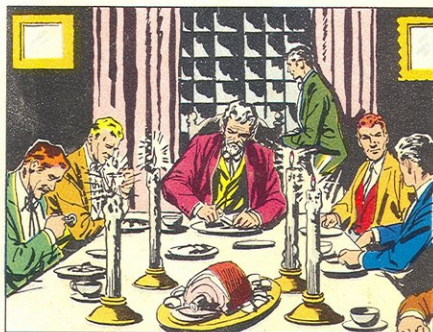
CATTLE EMPIRES



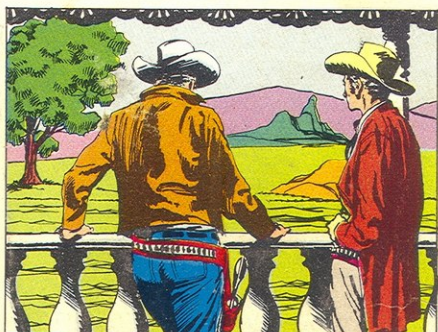
THE HACIENDAS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST WERE THE EARLIEST CATTLE EMPIRES. BASED ON OLD SPANISH LAND GRANTS, THEY MEASURED HUNDREDS OF MILES.



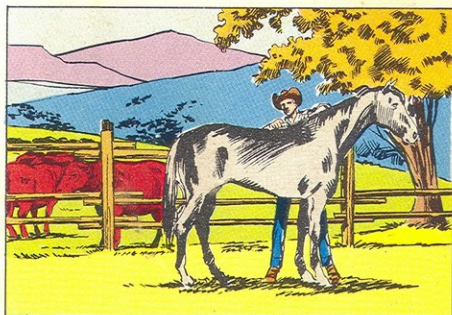
LATER, CAME THE CATTLE BARONS--- MEN LIKE CHARLES GOODNIGHT WHO HAD ALMOST TWO MILLION ACRES UNDER HIS CONTROL IN THE PALO DURO COUNTRY AND ELSEWHERE.



CATTLE BARONS OFTEN LIVED LIKE KINGS. THE FAMOUS JOHN CHISUM ENTERTAINED AND FED DOZENS OF GUESTS AT EACH MEAL ON HIS SOUTH SPRINGS RANCH.



THE KING-KENEDY RANCH WAS ESTABLISHED BY TWO TRADERS WHO SAILED UP THE RIO GRANDE IN 1846. IT WAS THE LARGEST SPREAD IN THE WEST.



TODAY, THE HEIRS OF KING AND KENEDY OWN SEPARATE RANCHES BUT BOTH ARE IMMENSE DOMAINS. THE KING RANCH'S RACE HORSES AND ITS SANTA GERTRUDIS CATTLE ARE WORLD FAMOUS.

A PLEDGE



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